

# SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

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[Vol. I.]

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## CARTS.

WE have observed a great carelessness prevailing among the cartmen of this town. Some will leave their carts in the middle of the street to the great obstruction of other carriages; some leave their horses so long unattended to, that the animals become impatient of their driver's idleness, and start forward of their own accord; the confused calls of the occasional witnesses of such incidents tend only to alarm the horses, and they pursue their course with careless speed, to the great amusement of some part of the community, but to the afflicting pain and danger of the other. We have noticed with great satisfaction the activity of the town officers in checking these improprieties, but they cannot be every where at once. As men who disdain to make a sense of duty to their fellow creatures their rule of action are vulnerable principally in their purses, would it not be well to impose a severe fine on the owners of all carriages that are met in the streets without their drivers, and not only make such owners *liable*, but make them *pay*?

We know that hackmen, cartmen, truckmen, and private coachmen consider the streets as exclusively their right, and think that they are privileged in driving straight on, how many children soever may be in their way; but if these gentlemen would condescend to reflect that they as often, at least, obstruct the paths of foot passengers, as children obstruct their course, they might humble themselves so far as to believe that turning a little on one side to save the life of an innocent infant or a feeble old man would not be very derogatory to their humanity.

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## PUBLIC GENEROSITY.

THIS is a subject of which as of many other non-entities, we hear a great deal said, without one solid proof of its existence. Public generosity is about as much to be depended upon as Pan-aceas, Pan-adas,

or Pan-demoniums. It may be the subject of a fairy tale, but woe be to that man who makes it his object of reliance. The following extract from history, with many others that might be selected, will shew how trifling are the hopes wise men should indulge of experiencing public generosity when it is wanted.

#### BELISARIUS.

BELISARIUS was general of all the forces under the Emperor Justinian the First, a man of rare valour and virtue: he had overthrown the Persians, Goths, and Vandals; had taken the kings of these people in war, and sent them prisoners to his master; he had recovered Silicia, Africa, and the greater part of Italy. He had done all this with a small number of soldiers, and less cost: he restored military discipline by his authority, when long lost; he was allied to Justinian himself; and a man of that uncorrupted fidelity, that though he was offered the kingdom of Italy, he refused it. This great man, upon some jealousy and groundless suspicion, was seized upon, his eyes were put out, his house rifled, his estate confiscated, and himself reduced to that miserable state and condition, as to go up and down in the common road with this form of begging: "Give one half-penny to poor Belisarius, whom virtue raised, and envy hath overthrown."

#### GRATITUDE.

TOPAL OSMAN, who had received his education in the Seraglio, was, in the year 1698, about the age of twenty-five, sent with the Sultan's orders to the Bashaw of Cairo. He travelled by land to Said; and being afraid of the Arabs, who rove about plundering passengers and caravans, he embarked on board a Turkish vessel bound to Damietta, a city on the Nile. In this short passage they were attacked by a Spanish privateer, and a very bloody action ensued. Topal Osman here gave the first proofs of that intrepidity by which he was so often signalized afterwards. The crew animated by his example, fought with great bravery; but superior numbers at last prevailed, and Osman was taken prisoner, after being dangerously wounded in the arm and thigh.

Osman's gallantry induced the Spanish captain to pay him particular regard: but his wounds were still in a bad way when he was carried to Malta, where the privateer went to refit. The wound in his thigh was the most dangerous; and he was lame of it ever after; for which he had the name of *Topal*, or cripple.

At that time Vincent Arnaud, a native of Marseilles, was commander of the port at Malta; who, as his business required, went on board the



privateer as soon as she came to anchor. Osman no sooner saw Arnaud, than he said to him, "Can you do a generous and gallant action? Ransom me: and take my word you shall lose nothing by it." Such a request from a slave in chains was uncommon; but the manner in which it was delivered made an impression upon the Frenchman, who, turning to the captain of the privateer, asked what he demanded for the ransom. He answered, 1000 sequins, (near 500*l*.) Arnaud, turning to the Turk, said, "I know nothing of you; and would you have me risk 1000 sequins on your word?" "Each of us act in this," replied the Turk, "with consistency. I am in chains, and therefore try every method to recover my liberty; and you may have reason to distrust the word of a stranger. I have nothing at present but my bare word to give you; nor do I pretend to assign any reason why you should trust to it. I can only say, that if you incline to act a generous part, you shall have no reason to repent." The commander, upon this, went to make his report to the Grand Master, Don Perellos. The air with which Osman delivered himself wrought so upon Arnaud, that he returned immediately on board the Spanish vessel, and agreed with the captain for 600 sequins, which he paid as the price of Osman's liberty. He put him on board a vessel of his own, and provided him a surgeon, with every thing necessary for his entertainment and cure.

Osman had mentioned to his benefactor, that he might write to Constantinople for the money he had advanced; but, finding himself in the hands of a man who had trusted so much to his honour, he was emboldened to ask another favour; which was, to leave the payment of the ransom entirely to him. Arnaud discerned, that in such a case things were not to be done by halves. He agreed to the proposal with a good grace; and shewed him every other mark of generosity and friendship. Accordingly Osman, as soon as he was in a condition, set out again upon his voyage.

The French colours now protected him from the privateers. In a short time he reached Damietta, and sailed up the Nile to Cairo. No sooner was he arrived there, than he delivered 1000 sequins to the master of the vessel, to be paid to his benefactor Arnaud, together with some rich furs; and he gave to the master himself 500 crowns as a present. He executed the orders of the Sultan his master with the Bashaw of Cairo; and setting out for Constantinople, was the first who brought the news of his slavery.

The favour received from Arnaud in such circumstances made an impression upon a generous mind too deep ever to be eradicated.

During the whole course of his life he did not cease, by letters and other acknowledgments, to testify his gratitude.

In 1715 war was declared between the Venetians and Turks. The Grand Vizir, who had projected the invasion of the Morea, assembled the Ottoman army near the isthmus of Corinth, the only pass by which this peninsula can be attacked by land. Topal Osman was charged with the command to force the pass; which he not only executed successfully, but afterwards took the city of Corinth by assault. For this service he was rewarded by being made a Bashaw of two tails. The next year he served as a lieutenant-general under the Grand Vizir at the siege of Corfu, which the Turks were obliged to abandon. Osman staid three days before the place, to secure and conduct the retreat of the Ottoman troops.

In 1722 he was appointed Seraskier (General in Chief) and had the command of the army in the Morea. When the consuls of the different nations came to pay their receipts to him in this quality, he distinguished the French by peculiar marks of kindness and protection. "Inform Vincent Arnaud (says he) that I am the happier in my new dignity as it enables me to serve him. Let me have his son in pledge of our friendship, and I will charge myself with making his fortune." Accordingly Arnaud's son went into the Morea; and the Seraskier not only made him presents, but granted him privileges and advantages in trade, which soon put him in a way of acquiring an estate.

Topal Osman's parts and abilities soon raised him to a greater command. He was made a Bashaw of three tails, and Beglerbeg of Romania, one of the greatest governments in the empire, and of the greatest importance from its vicinity to Hungary.

His residence during his government was at Nyssa. In the year 1727, Vincent Arnaud and his son waited upon him there, and were received with the utmost tenderness. Laying aside the Bashaw and governor, he embraced them, caused them to be served with sherbet and perfumes, and made them sit upon the same sofa with himself; an honour but rarely bestowed by a Bashaw of the first order, and hardly ever to a Christian. After these marks of distinction, he sent them away loaded with presents.

In the great revolution that happened at Constantionple, anno 1730, the Grand Vizir Ibrahim perished. The times were so tumultary, that one and the same year had seen no fewer than three successive Vizirs. In September, 1731, Topal Osman was called from his government to fill this place; which, being the highest in the Ottoman empire, and perhaps the highest that any subject in the world enjoys, is



always dangerous, and was then greatly so. He no sooner arrived at Constantinople, to take possession of his new dignity, than he desired the French ambassador to inform his old benefactor of his advancement; and that he should hasten to Constantinople, while things remained in their present situation; adding, that a Grand Vizir seldom kept long in his station.

In the month of January, 1732, Arnaud, with his son, arrived at Constantinople from Malta, bringing with him variety of presents, and twelve Turks whom he had ransomed from slavery. These by command of the Vizir, were ranged in order before him. Vincent Arnaud, now seventy-two years of age, with his son, was brought before Topal Osman, Grand Vizir of the Ottoman empire. He received them in the presence of the great officers of state with the utmost marks of affection. Then turning to those about him, and pointing to the ransomed Turks, "Behold (says he) these your brethren, now enjoying the sweets of liberty, after having groaned in slavery: this Frenchman is their deliverer. I was myself a slave, loaded with chains, streaming with blood, and covered with wounds: this is the man who redeemed and saved me; this is my master and benefactor: to him I am indebted for life, liberty, fortune, and every thing I enjoy. Without knowing me, he paid for me a large ransom, sent me away upon my bare word, and gave me a ship to carry me. Where is there a Mussulman capable of such generosity?"

While Osman was speaking, all eyes were fixed upon Arnaud, who held the Grand Vizir's hands closely locked between his own. The Vizir then asked both father and son many questions concerning their situation and fortune, heard their answers with kindness and attention, and then ended with an Arabic sentence, *ALLAH KERIM!* (the providence of God is great!) He made before them the distribution of the presents they had brought: the greatest part of which he sent to the Sultan, the Sultana mother, and the Kisler Aga, (chief of the black eunuchs;) upon which the two Frenchmen made their obeisance and retired.

After this ceremony was over, the son of the Grand Vizir took them to his apartments, where he treated them with great kindness. Some time before they left Constantinople, they had a conference in private with the Vizir, who divested himself of all state and ceremony. He let them understand, that the nature of his situation would not permit him to do as he desired, since a minister ever appears in the eyes of many to do nothing without a view to his own particular interest;

adding, that a Bashaw was lord and master of his own province ; but that the Grand Vizir at Constantinople had a master greater than himself.

He caused them to be amply paid for the ransom of the Turks, and likewise procured them payment of a debt which they looked on as desperate. He also made them large presents in money, and gave them an order for taking a loading of corn at Salonica ; which was likely to be very profitable, as the exportation of corn from that part had been for a long time prohibited.

As his gratitude was without bounds, his liberality was the same. His behaviour to his benefactor demonstrated that greatness of soul which displayed itself in every action of his life. And this behaviour must appear the more generous, when it is considered what contempt and aversion the prejudices of education create in a Turk against Christians.

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ELIZA.....A Poem.

IN former times, when on Columbia's shore,  
Her sons had witness'd independence's birth,  
When Massachusetts view'd the sterling ore,  
And with her patriot virtue stamp'd its worth,

There liv'd a soldier in true honour rear'd,  
One, whom proud Romans would be proud to own,  
The majesty of arms in him appear'd, ~~and~~  
Mercy its crown, and Liberty its throne.

From his own breast each generous thought he drew,  
Its source untainted—the full stream was clear.  
He sought not honour from exterior shew,  
But look'd *within*—and found the *soldier* there.

His sons in battle fought—in battle died,  
His country's freedom check'd each half shed tear,  
One only daughter liv'd, his age's pride,  
Her form *enchanted*, and herself most dear.

The happy parents, fearing no disguise,  
Plac'd all their hopes on this their only child,  
But fond affection often veils those eyes,  
Which reason opens to a mind beguil'd.

She lov'd—her parents—list this solemn theme,  
 Hop'd in their bosoms was repos'd each thought,  
 Each tender sentiment, each passing dream,  
 That could find welcome in a heart so taught.

Eliza lov'd—but love unfelt at first,  
 Mantled her bosom—but with feeble rays,  
 Till on a sudden in full sway it burst,  
 And dazzled reason with its flashing blaze.

Farewell to duty—farewell every thought  
 That virtue sanction'd, confidence inspir'd ;  
 Maternal fondness now no more was sought,  
 Her father's virtues now no more inspir'd.

Her changing mind had warp'd her judgment too,  
 Now, not her reason, but her fancy view'd ;  
 She saw a soldier, and she *thought* him true,  
 Because she *knew* her father to be good.

Stern virtue dwells not in external mien,  
 'Tis but hypocrisy that's ever mask'd ;  
 In low brow'd huts the native soul is seen,  
 In loftier mansions is our judgment task'd.

No more each parent's anxious breast was nigh,  
 The fond repos'tory of virtue's fear,  
 She shunn'd the ear might startle at a sigh,  
 She shunn'd the eye that might surprise a tear.

And proudly trusting to her strength of mind,  
 She dar'd temptation, anxious to excel :  
 Without experience, to her weakness blind,  
 Trusting she ne'er *could* fall—she trusting *fell*.

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#### PRAISE OF WOMAN.

*By the Author of the Natural Bridge.*

WOMAN ador'd ! the power is thine  
 To make all spots alike divine !  
 Persuasion on thy sweet lip dwells,  
 Soft Pity in thy bosom swells !



There's melting music in thy sigh,  
 There's brightest heav'n in thine eye !  
 'Mid bleak Kamschatka's frozen snow,  
 Or Equinoctial's fervid glow ;  
 From Andes' height to Belgia's plain,  
 Thy presence charms the wide domain !

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EVENING AT OCCOQUAN.

BY THE SAME.

*[The village of Occoquan is situated on a little river of the same name, which falls into the Potomac. Its inhabitants are people called Quakers, with whom the author of these stanzas once passed a summer.]*

Slow the solemn sun descends,  
 Evening's eye comes rolling on ;  
 Glad the weary traveller bends  
 To the banks of Occoquan.

Lo ! the moon with peerless light  
 In the stream beholds her face,  
 Shedding lustre o'er the night  
 As she runs her glorious race.

See the bark along the shore,  
 Larger to the prospect grow,  
 While the sea-boy bending o'er,  
 Chides the talking waves below.

Still the busy mill goes round,  
 And the miller plies his care ;  
 Wearying Echo with the sound,  
 Wafted by the balmy air.

Here no negro tills the ground,  
 Trembling, weeping, woe—begone ;  
 Liberty is ever found  
 On the banks of Occoquan !



## VEGETABLE ANATOMY.

## BARK AND LIBER.

UNDER the cellular integument is the bark. The number of its layers is various, the innermost being called the *liber*.

In some roots the bark is very thick; in the carrot, the red or more generally the yellow part is all bark. In the parsnep, it is no less evident. In the turnep, it is much thinner, though equally distinct from the wood or body of the root; in the dandelion, it is nearly twice as thick as the woody part.

The bark contains a great number of woody fibres; these when separated by maceration exhibit in general a kind of network.

In a family of plants to which the mezereon belongs, the fibres of the liber have a white silk-like appearance. In the lace bark, of Jamaica, they may be separated by lateral extension into an elegant lace. In the old bark of the fir tribe, nothing of this kind is discernible.

The bark of the cluster pine, which is some inches in thickness, is separable into thin porous layers.

The bark of oaks, twenty or thirty years old, if cut and exposed to the weather, separates into many fine thin layers, of a similar, though less delicate, texture to the lace bark of Jamaica. All these layers, in a living state, are closely connected with each other by the cellular texture which pervades the vegetable body in general, as well as by transverse vessels.

The vessels of the bark shall be mentioned in our next.

## EASTER SUNDAY.

HE, "was crucified, dead and buried; he descended into hell; (he was put into a sepulchre) on the third day he *rose again* (*a-rose*) from the dead—and ascended into heaven."

Our Sabbaths have very seldom if ever been engaged in so very satisfactory a manner as was this. Mr. Whitney, of Quincy, at the meeting house on Jamaica Plain delivered with a tone and expression which reminded us of the invitation of our Saviour, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of them is the kingdom of heaven," an excellent lecture on the duty of the professors of the christian religion. In his discourse shone, with the mild radiance of truth, the real lustre of religion; visible as the orb of day they daily witness in its rising, to the most uninstructed of his congregation.

At the lower meeting house we were in the afternoon delighted with the sweet harmony of doctrine from Dr. Kirkland; it was sweet, because it was harmonious, and it was harmonious because in unison with our feelings. A Saviour had died for our redemption—on the day of which this was the anniversary he had risen from his sepulchre. We were prepared for all the enchantments of feeling and we were amply gratified. Give us religion in its mild, affable, encouraging, ennobling, and NATIVE form, and we may speak with the voice of millions in saying, *This will do us good.*

In the evening we confess that we expected that the skein of religious thread would have been presented to us in an entangled form at the Park-street meeting house; but it was not with a small degree of satisfaction that we listened in *this* place to a sermon at least divested of contrary principles and tenets to those to which we had before attended with delight. Mr. Codman, though he afforded no clue by which the customary attendants at this meeting house might escape from the labyrinth in which they may have been before involved, delivered a (comparatively) mild discourse, confining himself to such principles and doctrines as are and must be readily acknowledged as just, by all. He preached to the *reason*, and not to the fears of his congregation. He therefore pleased, and did not terrify.

#### MR. STEVENSON'S BENEFIT.

IN the former part of this paper we have said something of what is commonly called public generosity. We think ourselves justified in the observations we then made, by subsequent occurrences: Mr. Stevenson, at least, by the usual puffs in the daily papers, oblique, collateral, or direct, has been represented as a gentleman, in his employment intelligent, active, and obliging. That he is really so no one can deny. But to this, we will add that he connects with his necessary duties an inclination and ability to join with them an extraordinary patience and forbearance, discernible perhaps not to individuals who may occasionally purchase tickets, but to those who look somewhat deeper into human nature, and human actions.

From the puffs, for we can call them nothing else, that appeared in our public journals, we should have supposed that the boxkeeper's benefit would have been a crowded one. That Mr. Stevenson *deserved* a full house is undeniable; but, alas! between merit and its reward there is a great gulph fixed by public inattention. To the *honour*, therefore, not of the public but the individuals of the town of Boston, or of that part of them who have been obliged by his extraordinary civilities, we



have to record that there were many seats in the boxes unappropriated and disengaged on this evening.

We have acquired an admirable skill in arithmetic; we can all calculate, so that if there should be proved a trifling balance due from the supposed creditor to the debtor on the settlement of accounts, *interest* will strike the balance. But if integrity is not rewarded, policy will take its place.

Our recollection is excited to a circumstance perhaps amusing. Mr. Brandon formerly kept the box office at Covent Garden Theatre, in London. A play was announced which foreboded crowded boxes. A gentleman unknown to Mr. Brandon sent him a hamper of wine, with his compliments and thanks for the civilities he had experienced from him during the winter, (which by the bye were none,) informing him at the same time that he intended to leave London on the morrow. The morrow came, and the gentleman, *on the morrow*, sent to Mr. Brandon and informed him that he was *accidentally* detained in town, and being so, he should be glad to visit the theatre that evening if a box could be obtained. It is hardly necessary to add that a box *was* secured for him, and *that* in the most fashionable part of the theatre. The corollary is, that if the public will not support honest men, they must endure rogues.

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#### MRS. DARLEY'S BENEFIT.

So far as our means of information have extended, and so far as our own judgment could sanction opinion, Mrs. Darley is deservedly and avowedly the favorite of this strange monster called the Public—well—what then? every one loves her; why? because they cannot help it. Every one receives pleasure from her performances and retires pleased with the accurate delineation of character, she at all times exhibits. But this lady, amiable not less in private life than in her delighting and natural representations of virtuous characters on the stage, was subjected to the mortification of witnessing an audience, composed only of the few who have hearts to feel, and honour to unfold their feelings.

From the applause, which we might be generally justified in calling an affectionate applause, which she had constantly experienced during the past winter, we had entertained hopes that her *name* alone would have attracted a numerous attendance. We have only to regret that her own merits and those of the authors of the pieces, judiciously, if not with policy selected, experienced so inadequate a reward.

THE following letter was received too late for insertion according to our general system ; but with pleasure to ourselves, and doubtless to the satisfaction of the reflecting part of our readers, we insert it in that portion of the work usually appropriated to less serious subjects. Our amiable correspondent must, however, excuse us for the omission of the preliminary articles. We did not arrogate to ourselves the honour of being *personally* addressed in the last. It appears evidently that our paper was only made the medium of her excellent observations to her friend. The printers made a mistake in copying the contents on the cover, for which we apologize to her. We could not *believe* (so little do we know of the world) that any lady would address a letter to a gentleman, though the editor of a public paper ; but a something like pride intimates to us that even should that ever be the case, the lady would have no great cause of anger or impatience.

MY DEAR JOSEPHINE,

By a more explicit address and signature than my last I again direct to you a few general observations, feeling, that to you they will be acceptable, however triflingly my opinion will weigh in the great scale of human action. I do not presume much edification can be derived from one who has little else to boast than the *consciousness* of her inability to effect any thing worthy your consideration.

The satisfaction that is derived from freely communicating sentiments without embarrassment, and feelings without disguise, to those whose superior intelligence we cannot but respect no less than the virtues of their heart, reminds me of the remarks of the ingenious and elegant St. Pierre upon the privilege of letters—what he applies to general literature may be also felt in epistolary communications. In conversation the mind is necessarily in a degree shackled by the feelings that are attached to a knowledge of the civilized world. Term them pride or what you will, still the reality exists of a kind of embarrassment in oral communications, in a feeling delicate mind, even of the most frank and virtuously independent. But in expressing our sentiments on paper, there is at the time no satirical eye to make us feel the futility of our remarks ; no malignant sneer (to excite the flush of indignation) at the involuntary effusions of a warm and upright nature ; no tittering folly and stupid vacancy to annoy and wonder at the temerity to comment where we should consciously feel our inferiority. But there is a gratifying kind of retirement from immediate observation for that within ourselves. We forget the world and wish to be forgotten by it. We resort to



memory only in order to be capable from our experience as well as intuition, of discriminating between real beauty and deformity in the various grades in which they are presented to the world: The beauty of natural and acquired excellence in the practice of a useful life through all its courses of benevolence and wisdom, the deformity natural and acquired, in the destitution of every thing like virtue. Glancing through every action, impressing every lineament of the countenance, and communicating its dissonance even to the tones of the voice. Every thing indeed attached to it bears its impression, and partakes of its nature. And it is by experience only, we can accurately decide upon the effects of each, though from a natural impulse, experience but confirms the decision of our feelings.

There are implanted in the human mind seeds to produce the finest flowers, if we do not suffer the weeds to choak them ere they rise to perfection. "Man is born good," says St. Pierre, "it is society that renders him wicked." Without admitting this principle to its extent, society undoubtedly corrupts many a mind. According to the good fortune, I may term it, of the selection of associates in the setting out in life is the progress of virtue, in common minds, in a great measure advanced. For you will allow example has more power than precept. Practice must confirm a fine theory or all its well spun lessons are of no avail. Though some possess a native energy of character, that renders their movements the decisions merely of their own virtuous minds, yet ordinary characters do not often take the pains to select a course of action for themselves, but follow those who are willing or seek to lead them: and as their good or evil fortune at first prevailed is the character impressed, and their future destiny too often fixed. The most ordinary mind is certainly strengthened and improved by associating with its superior, as the greatest is benefited by communicating with its equal. I have always conceived that for mutual benefit people of lively and brilliant imaginations should communicate most with those of cool strength and depth of understanding, polished with at least a degree of elegance to engage the attention. The cold logician will best model the ardours of fancy of the imaginative enthusiast, and its splendours will best stimulate into exertion the calmness of the logician. For if two beings possessed merely with the inventive genius of imagination, without that just perception of real life which can alone give them an insight into things and themselves, communicate only with each other, they will go through the world in a perpetual delusion, and the common events of life will be too insipid to engage them from their airy dreams. In looking around the world they turn from it in disgust, at

finding so few objects to answer the high wrought pictures of their imaginations. And thus if the cold calculating mathematician, possessed originally with elevation of character, rejects all for associates but those who alone can compute with him numbers and measures, the native fervour of his mind must in time be deadened, and he will be incapable of any noble action. The pleasing recreations of life, the works of genius and taste, will all alike be insipid to him. He will be an unpleasant companion even to those capable of estimating his excellence in that, for which he has sacrificed his life. For such is the power of habit, that the love and attention to any scientific pursuit increases with its use. We find no two minds exactly similar, even in greatness, there must be lights and shades that are heightened or obscured by the hand of the master, that retouches them. An ingenious, but chimerical writer in order to stimulate every one to the exertion of their capacities, denies the existence of the *native* superiority of one mind to another; and asserts that the cause alone of the difference in the character of mankind, is, that no two individuals receive the same education, by which, he means the education that chance supplies by placing us in opposite situations. I reflected upon its possibility, and found *experience* the best proof of its fallacy: And as it required all his ingenuity to counteract the contradictions it must perpetually give to his system, he allows that the organization is not exactly similar, some being more sensible to the impression of one object than another, and to good fortune that placed that object in view at the period the mind was most open to receive its impression, were they indebted for their superiority over others. The assertion may be calculated to produce a favourable effect, as the finest talents are often buried from indolence and uneasiness. Exertion, industry, and perseverance unquestionably will do much, but nature and good fortune more. Some being born with a genius that waits only for an opportunity to strike out in some path, in all its lustre, though it unfortunately may sometimes be buried because no such opportunity offered. Whilst others are so very limited in their capacities, that through life they remain enveloped in darkness, and no effort of human skill can awaken them to delight. Education may strengthen the weakest mind, but it cannot create one. "Hesiod," says the inimitable Dr. Johnson, "divides mankind into three orders of intellect; the first place belongs to him who can by his own powers discern what is right and fit, and penetrate to the remoter motives of action. The second is claimed by him who is willing to hear instruction, and can perceive right and wrong when they are shewn him by another. But he who has neither acuteness nor docility, who can neither find the



way by himself, nor will be led by others, is a wretch without use or value." The *first* is of course the most rare, as it implies a fund of original matter, which is given but to a few. The second is the degree of capacity of the greatest portion of mankind ;—and the last, I trust, the most rarely to be met with. For where shall we discover that being, so hardened, as not, at some period to have a tractable moment by which he might be led into the right path, if the opportunity was improved by an interested, or merciful individual. The period occurs, but is suffered to pass, as the nicety and address that is required in managing the different turns of the human mind, is not completely understood by those with whom he is surrounded. The feeling that would be favourable towards it in one individual, might prove otherwise in another. Some are led by exciting tender passions, others by alarming their security, or awakening the pride or ambition that was apparently extinguished by listless inaction. We should, therefore, endeavour so to study the character of each other, as to be enabled to render mutually the most essential benefits, in securing as far as it is in our power, that which will prove to us happiness without alloy, *never fading and eternal.*

POLYMNIA.

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N. N. ESQ.

ON the forenoon of this day, as I was passing by (what is called) *Magner's Row*, in Boston, I saw a crowd of persons assembled opposite a small building, and on stopping to inquire the cause of the assemblage, I immediately discerned one of the most painful sights that I ever beheld, viz. A woman, with an infant in her arms, standing near the door of the hovel, in tears; and near her two girls in distress; paraded before the door in the street was a variety of household things; a cradle in which was a child asleep, and a basket in which sat another child; while a man, apparently the father, (and somewhat advanced in years,) was placing his little property, the cradle, &c. in such a manner that carts or trucks might not run over them while passing! At the same time I discovered that the hovel had been just unroofed, and the door and windows taken away! On inquiring the cause, I was informed that the family had not been able to pay the rent with that punctuality which the *merciful* landlord required; and that *that* cause had produced their expulsion in this *humane* manner. Being at that moment under the necessity of leaving town, I put a trifle into the hands of a friend, who was present, and who promised me to inquire into the business, if he had leisure, and do his best for the poor unfortunates. But as I shall not return to Boston before next week, and of

course not have an opportunity to see personally to the wretched affair ; and as you are known and even celebrated as a man of humanity, I have taken the liberty to write you this memorandum, by way of guide for you to do justice to the oppressed or miserable—not doubting but that if you undertake it, the business will be well and thoroughly done, and your “Something,” of Saturday next, afford either a consolatory or a salutary lecture. W.

*Salem, April 25, (evening) 1810.*

#### AWFUL OCCURRENCE.

A YOUNG lady witnessed the afflicting sight of a child being run over by a truck, last week ; she felt as a human being on the occasion, and for a considerable time expatiated on the distresses of the parents. She was employed in some domestic arrangement near the fire, when accidentally, her muslin gown attached the flames, and she was so much injured thereby, as to expire almost immediately. She was buried a few minutes *before* the child, whose fate she had so much lamented.

#### RELIGION.

“Id quod”

“Æque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æque,

“Æque, neglectum, pueris senibusque no cedit ! !”

#### BENEFIT.

As o'er the sea his vessel sails,  
Her canvass fill'd by prosp'rous gales,  
The joyous owner gladly hails

His benefit.

When golden harvest smiles around,  
And yellow corn spreads o'er the ground,  
The farmer smiles that Heaven has crown'd

His benefit.

*Here* the mechanic sure can boast  
His daily labour never lost,  
He's sure to find, wherever tost,

His benefit.

Shall there remain then not one smile  
For those who oft your cares beguile,  
Think their reward, hope, ship, and toil's

Their benefit.